

Smoke Talk by mommasboy

Series: [Cigarettes and kisses \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Established Friendship, M/M, Pre-Slash, cursing

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-07

Updated: 2018-01-07

Packaged: 2022-04-03 15:15:43

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,149

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Steve, Billy and Monsters.

Smoke Talk

Author's Note:

If you see any grammar/spelling mistakes please feel free to inform me. I will try to fix them.

Lol I came crawling from the woodwork's to ask that when you're reading fanfiction, do you picture the actual actors or some different versions of them. Cause like I don't write my story with the actual actors in mind like cause they real people y'know. So like I usually picture fan art or some hyper-realistic art that don't look like the authors, idk i'm just weird lol. But like I would like for all my readers to keep an open mind cause this is pretty shitty.

“Harrington.” Billy greeted. They were in the school hallway, first period didn’t start yet. Steve was currently talking to Nancy and Jonathan when Billy strolled past them. He offered Steve a flirty smirk, one Steve returned with a closed lip smile. “Hargrove.”

When he turned back to his companions, the looks on their faces almost had him doubling over in laughter.

Nancy was gaping at him, looking like a fish out of water. Jonathan mirrored her expression.

“What?” Steve shrugged out.

Nancy was the first to speak. Opening and closing her mouth a few times like the words just wouldn’t come to her. “What?” She hissed. “What do you mean what?”

“Yeah.” Jonathan backed her up. “Last time I checked, you two hated each other.”

“Well,” Steve shrugged once more. “We don’t.”

The first period bell ranged.

Steve looked up to the clock.

“I gotta get to class. Bye Nance, Jon.”

He walked away from the still shocked duo.

Jonathan’s words repeated themselves in his head. *“Last time I checked you two hated each other.”*

Yeah, like three months ago Billy almost killed him. *Almost*. Then a couple weeks later he *apologized*. And damn, Steve was shocked, like really fucking shocked. He thought guys like Billy could never do that shit. But Billy apologized like he fought, loud and brazen. His eyes was so fucking wide and bright when he looked at Steve. That serious look on his face was something Steve couldn’t ever forget. It was snowing that day.

Steve tapped his pencil on his desk lightly.

Billy had also apologized to the kids that day. He even gave Lucas a lollipop, cherry flavored, Lucas’ favorite. Steve thinks Max was the one who told him. Then he looked at Will and gave him the green apple, his favorite. *“You’re pretty tough kid.” Will accepted it with a blush on his face Steve thinks was not from the cold. Will smiled at the ground and whispered a small thanks.*

Giving out candy to kids was not something he thought Billy was capable of. But Billy always seem to find ways of surprising him. He also gave Mike a blueberry lollipop winked at him and told him to give it to someone he liked. At the last minute he tossed Max a snicker. Steve only got a smile, but that was enough for him. A real genuine smile from Billy Fucking Hargrove was better than strawberry flavored gum, just a little though. Steve fucking love Strawberry flavored gum.

It was lunch and Steve was wondering the halls, lost in thought.

“Yo, Harrington.” He heard an obnoxious voice call out to him. There’s only one person who sounded that confident and mean, while still sounding so...

Steve turned around to find Billy leaning against a random locker.

“Hargrove?” Steve questioned with a raised eyebrow.

Billy didn’t say anything and just gestured to an exit, walking out not even looking back to see if Steve followed. Of course Steve followed.

He found Billy sitting on the steps of the school side exit. He could see the yard and the parking lot from there. Billy was not dressed for the weather. Wearing dark jeans and a blue light jacket. Not even zipped up, he could see the white T-shirt Billy was wearing underneath.

Striking blue eyes looked up at him, a small smirk came on Billy’s face, like he caught Steve in something.

“So, you just gonna stand there or..?” Billy said teasingly.

Steve wrapped his arms around himself, his huge fashionable coat was not doing a good job of keeping him warm. “It’s fucking freezing.” He complained, though he made no move to go back inside, instead taking a seat next to the blond.

“Yeah no shit.”

Steve gave the boy next to him a look. “You don’t seem to mind.”

“I’m not going to sacrifice my looks for the weather.”

Steve rolled his eyes. “Your ‘looks’ are not gonna be so important when you die of hypothermia.”

“Wow,” Billy drawled, eyes glinting. “I didn’t know you know such big words, princess.”

Steve made an offended sound, gesturing to his chest dramatically. “Are you calling me stupid?”

“No,” Billy chuckled. “I would never.”

Steve laughed also. He turned towards Billy.

“Anyways, shouldn’t you be eating?”

Billy raised an eyebrow at him.

“I could ask you the same thing, you’re a fucking stick.”

Steve hugged himself tighter. “Am not.” He denied.

But he knew he was. He hasn’t been feeling right lately. Hadn’t been sleeping right or eating right. He lost weight, he knew he did but he couldn’t bring himself to care. He exhaled, watching his visible breath mingle with Billy’s smoke.

Billy just continued to look at him, like he was searching for something.

Steve tried to ignore him, staring straight ahead.

He tucked some falling hair behind his ears. His fingers were starting to numb.

“You could talk, y’know.”

“What?” Steve turned to look at Billy.

Billy exhaled slowly. The smoke disbanding. His eyes like ice yet they made Steve burn.

“You could talk.” He repeated.

Steve looked at him, confusion shining in his brown eyes.

Billy chuckled. “Damn princess, you can’t catch a hint.”

“There’s obviously something going on with you. Talking helps.”

Steve pursed his lips, then smirked. “What is this, a therapy session?”

Before Billy could say anything he started. “It’s just nightmares.”

He said quietly.

Billy raised a brow, insinuating him to continue. So he did.

“They are hyper realistic though. Like super. There are these monsters in them and they y’know do monster things. They are pretty scary. Fuck. One time, one took a bite out of my arm. That shit fucking hurt. But the bad thing is how vividly I can remember them.” He paused, and took a breath.

“You know how when you have dreams you can’t remember them when you wake up?”

Billy nodded.

“Yeah well these, I remember everything. The feeling, the pain, everything. They feel less like dreams and more like memories.”

Billy worked his jaw, clenching and unclenching.

“Shit princess,” He took his eyes off of Steve, leaned back and looked up at the sky. The clouds covered up so much of the blue. “That’s fucked up.” Billy breathed out through his nose.

“Yeah.” Steve agreed. “It is.”

“I dream about monsters too, just more realistic ones. Not ones that’ll bite my fucking face off.”

Billy jokes.

Steve laughs.

Billy’s good at making laugh, he likes that. Laughing is good. Billy’s also good at making him cry, though he, Billy, don’t even know it.

Billy wraps an arm around his shoulder guiding Steve’s head to rest on his in a sort of hug.

“Well, next time you feel like you can’t sleep. Call me, I’ll knock you right out.”

Steve can't see, but he knows Billy is grinning. So he grins also.

"My hero." He snickers out.

"Always, princess."

Author's Note:

Another self-indulgent fic on the way. Yay!!